

## HIDDEN AWAY

By WARD EGERTON

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Just before Jim Houston went to France he took his most valued possession in his arms and had a heart to heart talk with him. "Little dog," he said, "I'm off to war and, while I'm away I'm going to give you to the dearest girl in the world. I can't ask her to be mine yet—me, a poor duffer with no prospects—but don't you let anybody else have her until I'm back and get in the game again!" So saying, he set down the thoroughbred little Boston terrier and, putting on his leash, took him to Betty Lancaster.

"Here Betty," he said, "is a reminder of me! But, joking aside, I hope once in a while he will make you think of somebody who, even if he's getting a whack at the Boches, will be thinking of you all the time."

"Oh, the darling!" cried Betty, getting down on her knees and fondling the dog, who did not object in the least. "Indeed, I don't need anything to remind me of you, but I love him already and will take the best of care of him until you come back," she concluded wistfully. "This old school chum's going off meant more than she dared let herself think. 'Till write you and I'll knit for you—and—"

Jim wanted to say the words that trembled on his lips, but he had had it out with himself the night before, that he would not deem himself a man to bind this girl when the future was so uncertain. So now, "Good-by, Betty, girl," was all he permitted himself, and one last touch of her hand. His last glance back showed him Betty standing, with saddened eyes, holding fast the leash of his dog.

Now he was back home. When peace had come, he had thought joyfully that now he could get back to Betty. She had kept her word, had knitted socks and mufflers and a sweater, and when he had written her of his promotion to top sergeant she had replied how glad she was and added that she had named the little dog "Sergeant."

Jim, through a lucky chance, was able to return ahead of his regiment with a company of convales. Betty did not know of his arrival in this coun-

Jim's heart—the heart which had carried him unafraid through perils in No Man's Land and over the top—almost failed him now.

"Betty engaged—Betty engaged—Betty engaged!" He leaned against the fence for support. Was she fascinated by Van Norden's lieutenant's uniform or the fact that he was wounded or—no, that wasn't fair, thought honest Jim. Billy Van Norden was a dandy fellow. He deserved a corking girl. But his Betty!

Why had she not written? But they had only been engaged two days! He was two days too late, provided things hadn't gotten too far before that. He hadn't dreamed—

Well, he would go away as unobtrusively as he had come—back to camp and then—anywhere but Bolton. He might sign up for the regular army. He might—

What was this bounding down to the gate? "Good old doggie," whispered Jim. "Good old doggie!" A suspicious moisture gathered in his eyes. This was the little dog she had played with, had named for him, "Sergeant, you couldn't keep her for me, could you, old boy?"

"Here, Sargie, here, Sargie!" he heard Betty's dear voice calling.

He tried to send the dog back, but Sergeant, overjoyed at this glimpse of his master, would not be driven away. He frisked about Jim's feet, jumped up and licked his hands and barked joyously.

"I must see what that dog is up to," said Betty, and before Jim realized it she was down the path and at the gate, searching for the cause of the dog's excitement.

What she saw made her step back quickly, her hand on her throat. There stood Jim looking wistfully, hungrily at her.

"Jim!" she said, "Jim!"

"Betty, I came—I came to—hang it, Betty, why couldn't you give a fellow a hint?"

"Give you a hint, what?" asked Betty, still in a sort of daze at the sudden appearance of this person she thought was thousands of miles away.

"That you were getting engaged," said Jim reproachfully.

"But I'm not!" she cried. "I'm not!"

"Then what did Billy Van Norden mean?" said Jim, bewildered in his turn.

A light was beginning to break on Betty's perplexity. "Oh," she said; "well, I wrote you that my cousin from out West was here on her first visit, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Jim. "But I don't see—"

"Did I mention her name?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, it's Elizabeth, the same as mine. We were born on the same day and our mothers gave us the same name. So she is Betty, too. Cousin Betty is engaged to Billy Van Norden."

Jim took a step toward her. "Forgive me, Betty," he said. "I thought of course it was you and I was all broken up. You see—ever since we went to high school together you've been my girl. I've come to tell you so. Will you say you are?"

Betty looked up into the eyes of her soldier. How long the months had been! "Jim, dear," she said, "I am your girl. I always have been."

Jim drew her to him and, unseen by the people on the porch, who wondered who on earth Betty was gossiping with, they stood for a moment in close embrace.

Then Betty stooped down and picked up the little dog. "If he hadn't barked I wouldn't have come down, and you would have gone away and we might never—" Her look told Jim what her lips did not say.

Jim put his arms about both dog and girl. "Good old doggie!" he cried. "I did you an injustice. You did give her back to me, after all!"

## COST OF LIVING IN 1846

Record Kept by College Youth Shows It Was What We Would Now Consider Small.

A page from an old diary written in 1846 gives some illuminating items about the cost of living. The diary was written by Dr. Elmer Evan Edwards, the first president of the Colorado Agricultural college, and covers a period of thirty-five years. It is a recent gift to the college library.

In the fall of 1846, Dr. Edwards was just entering Ashbury college now De Pauw university, as a preparatory student. He gives his expenses for his first week, including travel from Roseville as \$10.14. His comment on this large sum is, "This makes my expenses for food, fuel, lights, etc., about 50 cents a week. Good board can be had from \$1 to \$2 a week."

The diary shows that Dr. Edwards was living with two other boys under the arrangement that is sometimes called "batching." Some of the items are, "Rent, \$1.50 a month; my share, 50 cents. Desk, tall one reaching to chin, 75 cents. Hauling load of straw for bed, 15 cents. Lodging one night at hotel in Crawford, 37 cents. Flour, 1 bbl, \$3; my share \$1. The largest item is the initiation fee into the Phi Kappa society \$2, the smallest is for one pound of candles at 12 cents.

The diary illustrated with either pen or pencil sketches gives an entertaining account of the college life of a lively boy of the last century. One of Dr. Edwards' classmates was John S. Tarkington, the father of Booth Tarkington.

## No Returns.

Maude—Now that you've broken your engagement with Jack, I suppose you'll be rid of his presence.

Madge—Oh, no, indeed! I shall keep them all.—Boston Transcript.

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GOOD YEAR



Betty Standing Holding Fast the Leash of His Dog.

try and he had no time to notify her. When, upon reaching camp, he found that he could have a three days' furlough he decided to surprise her—her whom he would now dare to ask to marry him. For, even starting at the bottom as he would have to, the wait could not be very long with such a goal to strive for.

It was dusk when Jim got off the train at Bolton. He had to stop for a word with the station agent and then was waylaid along the way uptown to Betty's home by welcoming friends. When at last the well-remembered stretch of maple trees came in view, shading the Lancaster lawn, his heart beat unmanageably.

As he drew nearer he heard the laughter and gay voices of young people sounding from the Lancaster porch. He felt a twinge of disappointment at having to see his sweetheart before so many. Already he looked upon her as that very thing—his sweetheart.

Wondering whether to go away and come back later or, at the worst, early next morning, Jim walked more slowly. As he reached the gate he heard a voice he recognized as that of Billy Van Norden, a schoolmate of his who had been wounded and sent home.

Van Norden was saying: "When Toots and I are married, you'll have to be very clever to bother us. No rice and old shoes for us, eh, Toots?" A merry girl's laugh followed. But he could not quite catch it. Who was Toots?

Then another voice broke in: "Hear the man talking already about getting married and he and Betty have only been engaged two days!" More laughter.